

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #35]

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Interview

with

Vito Cacciola

. . .

by

Merton R. Lovett.

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“As well as remembered.”

Interview with Vito Cacciola

by Merton R. Lovett

. . . .

(from memory)

“Here coma de boy with theatre advertisement.

“Hello, precious. I puta de signs in my window. Has you de passes? Thanka you kindly.

“I rejoica, Mr. Lovett. Now I cana go to de show. In de movie I am a relax-ed. It is de mosta valuable rest.

“Thats a right. I worka hard all de day long. Sometimes I geta so tired, I must saya, ‘Helpa me Lord!’ Helpa me Holy Spirit!’ So, once in a while, I goa to see de pictures. It maka de healthful change.

“It is nica to have two tickets. I will invita my little niece to go with me. She is mosta fond of de movies and so intelligent.

“Why, she will saya to me, ‘Uncle Vito, the villain he will be kill-ed soon.’ Before it take place, she can tella what will happen.

“Yes, she hasa de preconcience mind. Did you witnessa that picture nam-ed, The Dawn Patrol?

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"No? Well, you muffa something, lika de boys say. It was mosta exciting and sad also. Angela she shedda tears often. By jingo, I felta sorrow myself.

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"It was story of de war. De English aviators they is nota so skillful and fierca as de Germans. Those murderers killa de English boys mosta every time.

"Sure, they wasa brave, but they hava no practice at de war. It was terrible crime. Without experience they die lika flies.

"My niece, she maka many exact prophecies. One time she was crya. I says 'What's de matter Angela? They is no sorrow now.' She answer, 'Seven of de English aviators geta ready to fighta de Germans. Only two of them will returna with life.'

"Would you believe It? She wasa right. All but two geta shoot-ed and are smasha in pieces. The Germans flya like hawks. De English are pigeons.

"What happened after? Well, I cannot tella you that.

"Why not? De electricity it tire my eyes. Before I knowa it, I falla asleep. Often de sleep catcha me in de movies.

"Bye and bye, I dreama some of de German airplanes is shoota at me. They make speed lika eagles. I am mucha scar-ed. I flya too. I flaps my wings lika this but not quickly. I fella de pain of death. At last I waka up.

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"Yes, believe you me, I wasa glad to be wak-ed up. My niece, she hada pinched my arm. She saya, with whisper, 'Wake up, Uncle Vito! Wake up! De peoples looka at you. You groana like you was sicka.'

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"Sure it was to me de great debarrasament. During de second picture, I keepa de eyes open, but with effort. I was mucha weary.

"Did you knowa, Mr. Lovett, that I maka every month de arrangements for de Italian opera? It is ten times so much refreshing as de movies.

"Yes, we holda de show in de K. of P. Hall on Federal Street. It is marvelous. It causa to swell de heart.

"See. Here is de program for nexta show on Giovedi 30 Marzo. That meana Thursday de thirtieth of March.

"I have charge of de pictures. De posters, I geta Tony to leava them in Italian stores. To de owners of stores I giva two tickets. But I'm mucha sharp. If they do not keepa signs in de windows I will finda out. Then they will geta no passes.

"Also, I giva out to houses de programs and sella de tickets. De manager's name, it is De Russo. He trusta me with great 4 responsibility. One night he preacha from stage. He praisa me. He says, 'I wish in other cities, they was men so smarta, intelligent and with so much honesty as Vito Cacciola.'

"Withouta me de success of de opera would be lacking. When de business isa good, they does not even aska me to maka accounting.

"Oh! De show is mosta wonderful. These peoples are professional. They performa in some city every night. Mr. De Russo he has gota himself a house in Providence that looka lika millionaire. And woulda you believe it, I hasa been there. He invita me for de christening.

"Looka, here is de names of actors and singers. They is eleven men and five women. The quartette? Oh, dear, dear, dear, it is marvelous. When, they sing it sounda like twenty peoples.

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"My! My! My! you never heard de music so sweeta. If you shoulda hear it, Mr. Lovett, it would toucha your heart.

"Yes, de words are de words of Italy. But de fine music, it isa de same in all language. It conquer de spirit. It maka to soar de soul.

"De price is fifty cents. Some Italians cannot afforda to pay it. Three or four hundreds maka de audience.

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"Not all Italians hava great love for music. Many has. Some isa ignorant. Same is so busy with maka money and sin, that they forgeta the power of music to feeda their hearts.

"Every month I bringa joy to some peoples who has not de price. I buys myself four or five tickets and giva them to the orphans and de widow.

"Woulda you lika to attend de next concert, Mr. Lovett? With de excellence you'd be surpris-ed."

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"Here is your shoes, madame. De price it will be one dollar.

"You wanta to paya me next week? No, I cannot doa that.

"Well, I tella you. You is not de good customer to me. Once you bringa to me your work. Then that Italian starta de shop across de street.

"What did you doa? You forgeta de gooda work I doa for you. You forgeta de money you owe. You taka your shoes to de new cobbler.

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"Of course, I knows why you returna to me. That BUM, he does a bad job on your shoes. He usa some defearior leather in de sole. He refusa to trusta you no more.

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"No, I will trusta you neither. You was de traitor by me. I do not wanta your business. You paya now for de shoes or I keepa them.

"You seea, Mr. Lovett. I will not for long let someone cheata me. I is not de friend to peoples which handa to me de double cross.

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"I would lika much to senda to de hospital some oranges for your daughter.

"You say de hospital furnisha her with de fruit and abundant food? For four dollars a day they should giva to her wine and de chicken.

"O.K. You tella Mary that it will be de greata honor, if she accepta from me some oranges when she returna home.

"No, I will be mosta happy to do it.